

Pastime

erved by all owners in the treat-
four-footed companions. The
ll, of course, be housed indoors,
th as terriers, may also have a
se. This is not always possible
ig dogs, but it is most desirable
d either be quartered in a sta-
e, if a proper lean-to kennel has
for them. A very habitable
be put up in a sheltered posi-
wall for quite a small sum.
l is cheap enough, and it is all
lined with thick cowhair felt,
h-boarded on the inside. The
vered with the ordinary tarred
ance should face the most pro-
n, in order that the inmate may
from draughts. The ideal ac-
consists of a kennel within a
ch the dog can curl up snug and
hole, however should be easily
that cleanliness may be easily
orough washing with some dis-
tainly desirable extra expense, ad-
s may be had from Spratt's Pat-
reasonable sum. It is only nat-
people like to give their dogs
house during the day, but a
n will show that the transition
n temperature of a living room
kennel can scarcely be beneficial.
y be done by making the dog
from the fire as possible. If
vet, he should be well dried be-
t up for the night. Neglect of
n leads to many troubles, and
the reason why jaundice is so
gounds and gun dogs. We
the principal meal at night, as
then be able to digest it com-
p this process, which is a slow
anine stomach, is going on he-
ing. Distemper is at its worst
muggy months that are to come,
ing to thrive and flourish in the
ty occasioned by bad weather.
days are not nearly so tryin'
dog, which is not through the
begins to sicken, looking twice
and showing signs of feverish-
d at once be put in a warm place
London Daily Times.

VOICES FROM 6,000 B.C.

College, London, thanks to re-
gions in Egypt, visitors may see
results of digging in a pre-dynastic
it miles to the north of Abydos,
brief inspection of these articles
ch must have been in existence
C., conjures up a vision of an an-
tion, with its arts, its fashions, and
ons. Most of the articles are stone
erds, but there are many carvings
ivory. The wood is in some cases
d by the ravages of white ante.
articles are said to be either of the
period, or of the first dynasty.
is "burial" there has been recov-
palette for grinding eye-paint,
exhibition. Other objects on view
n taken from the "burials" of var-
clude ivory hairpins found in the
decorated with a painting of
otami, a heap of imitation garlic,
head of a dog buried with an
gaming-board, with men resem-
t-men, found at the end of a grave,
ch egg, from a woman's grave,
objects of the Sixth Dynasty, are
shell for holding eye-paint and a
the only objects buried with an old
y far the most interesting ar-
period is the skull of a long-horned
as found at the bottom of the shaft
where it had been placed, with one
ches, as an offering. The central
a sides of the lower jaw were worn
bit. As the horse was unknown
l, there is reason to believe that the
en or ridden.

QUESTION OF CORSETS.

de woman, and the corset the Par-
hus Mme. Marcello Bordo, who,
tars of the Paris stage, was recent-
give her views on the vexed corset
There are many who would quarrel
of Mme. Marcello Bordo's proposi-
the epigram is neat. So is Mme.
nier's: "The corset is a charming
one puts it on, but exquisite when
The ladies are generally, and na-
passe, not in agreement on this sub-
ear it, but do not lace it tightly."
garment," and referred to it as a
station." "If clothes do not make
ys Mme. Andrea Megard, "the cor-
vents, makes the woman." Mme.
es sensible advice: "The corset is
ear it, but do not lace it tightly."
ourt thinks the corset is "woman's
rant, when it is not her greatest
The flowers all have a corselet," says
ac, "and I shall only bring myself
women without corsets when roses
ons bloom without the calyx." And
nd is to be believed, the inventor of
was a thirteenth-century butcher,
punishing his gossiping wife!

roud to say that my grandfather
mark in the world," observed the
outh. "Well, I suppose he wasn't
an in those days who couldn't write
replied his bored companion.

BULL FIGHTING A SPORT IN MEXICO

By E. C. Musgrave

While the sport of bullfighting does not
appeal to the average Anglo-Saxon, it is one
which arouses the greatest enthusiasm among
the Latin races, and no one who has been to
the bull ring, and seen a bullfight will deny
the skill and courage of the toreros (bull-
fighters) engaged in it.

This sport dates back to the Roman era,
and is governed by strict laws, which are en-
forced by the governments of the countries
in which they are held; and at each fight there
is a government official who has power to levy
fines for any breaches of these rules.

The new bull ring of the City of Mexico is
a structure composed entirely of steel and
concrete, and has a seating capacity of twenty-
seven thousand. It is built in the form of a
frustum of an inverted cone, so that a good
view of the proceedings can be obtained from
any part of it, and is divided into two parts,
the sol (sun) and the sombra (shade), while
round the upper tiers are private boxes. The
poorer classes (peons) sit on the sol side,
while on the sombra the seats are more ex-
pensive, the front three rows being reserved.

The ring proper is about eighty yards in
diameter, and is covered with well packed
sand, while surrounding it there is a wooden
barrier about five feet high, between which
and the concrete wall of the structure is a
passage about six feet wide. Should a torero
be too closely pursued by a bull, he vaults over
the barrier, and at intervals there are narrow
shelters built against the concrete wall, into
one of which he can go, should the bull jump
the barrier also, which frequently occurs.
There are double gates at intervals in the bar-
rier, so that when a bull jumps it, one of the
doors can be opened, closing up the passage,
so that when the bull reaches it, he can easily
be turned back into the ring.

On entering the sombra side, one sees just
opposite, the large gates through which the
toreros enter, while to the left is the gate
through which the bulls are let into the ring.
Immediately opposite the toreros' entrance is
the judges' stand, where the judge sits in
state with a bugler beside him. The judge's
duties are to decide when each phase of the
contest is ended which fact is announced to
the toreros by a bugle call.

On each side of the ring there is a company
of soldiers with loaded rifles; a most necessary
precaution, as the peons are likely to show
their disapproval of any of the toreros' work
by throwing empty bottles, etc., at them, and
once anything approaching to a riot begins
among these excitable Mexicans, strict mea-
sures have to be taken at once, as if a row gets
well under way, it is difficult to know where
it will stop.

At any signs of general disorder, the sold-
iers level their rifles at the crowd, and al-
though it has never yet been necessary to pro-
ceed further than this, they are quite prepared
to do so should occasion arise, and the gen-
eral knowledge of this has a most quieting
effect. The bulls are brought to the pens be-
longing to the ring, from the hacienda where
they were bred, several days before the fight,
and on the morning of the fight are put into
dark pens, in which they are kept for several
hours in order to enrage them. They are con-
sidered fit to fight when from six to eight years
of age, and they are specially bred for the
purpose, and being by nature exceedingly
savage, and also being endowed with long,
sharp horns, one makes a very nasty customer
to tackle.

We will imagine that the judge has taken
his place, the band strikes up, the gate opens,
and out rides a gorgeously attired individual
on a fine horse. This is the alguazil, whose
functions consist in asking the judge's permis-
sion to hold the fight, and to lead the toreros
in. He rides up to the judge's stand, takes off
his plumed hat, bows, and asks for the re-
quired permission, which, having been accord-
ed, he turns and rides back to the gate. This
is thrown open and in come the toreros; first
the espadas or matadores, who are followed
by their respective cuadrillas, consisting of
three men on foot, the banderilleros, and two
mounted men, the picadores. Following these
are the monosabios (servants of the ring) and
two teams of three mules each, gorgeously
caparisoned.

This entrance is a very pretty sight, as all
the toreros wear most brilliant uniforms con-
sisting of short jackets and knickerbockers of
red, green or blue cloth, covered with gold and
silver lace, pink silk stockings, and low shoes.
Their capes, which are of silk covered with
gold lace, are thrown over the left shoulder,
and they wear little three-cornered hats, of a
style of several centuries ago. Each torero is
compelled by law to wear a short queue, and
when about to engage in a fight, he attaches a
round black disk about two inches in diameter
to the upper part of the queue.

Led by the alguazil, they march across
the ring, and salute the judge, then turning
outwards, they march back to the entrance,
bowing to the spectators, who are by this time
cheering wildly.

The espadas throw their capes up to some
friend in the audience who spreads it care-
fully on the rail in front of him as this is con-
sidered a great honor; the alguazil leaves the
ring, the picadores take up their position near
the barrier, while the other toreros move to
different parts of the ring, and all is ready for
the fight to begin.

The judge gives the signal, his bugler
blows a call, and the doors from the exit from
the bull pens are thrown open. In rushes a
bull who promptly charges the first man he
sees, but with great coolness the torero holds

his cape in front of him, and as the bull nears
him he jumps lightly to one side leaving the
bull to expend his fury on the harmless cape.

This cape work is the prettiest part of the
whole performance, as the grace and ease with
which the toreros keep out of the bull's way,
never moving an inch more than is absolutely
necessary, is an exhibition of pluck and skill
that is worth going a long way to see.

Sometimes the bull will keep after one man
like a terrier after a rat, in which case he has
to make a rush for the barrier to avoid him.
He puts one hand on the top of the barrier,
vaults lightly over, and while he is still in the
air, the crash of the bull's horns can be heard
as he comes up against the barrier at full
speed. He is baited in this way for some
time, and it is then the turn of the picadores.

These are mounted on wretched old screws of
horses, and as in doing their part they get
many nasty falls, and often get struck on the
legs by the bull's horns, they have their legs
and the lower part of their bodies encased in
armor, while the upper part is swathed in
bandages. The horse has his right eye blind-
folded, as otherwise he could not be made to
approach the bull. The picador spurs him, and
a monosabio runs behind, lashing him with a
whip, and he is brought up close to the bull.

The picador is armed with a lance about ten
feet long, with a blunt, burr shaped point,
which he holds about four feet from the point.
The bull charges the horse, and receives this
lance in his shoulder, into which it penetrates
to a depth of about two inches, inflicting a
painful wound. Occasionally the picador man-
ages to keep him away from the horse, but
generally the horse is gored, and thrown right
over. The other toreros rush in with their
capas to lead the bull away from the fallen
picador; the monosabio assists him to his feet,

as from the weight of his armor he is unable
to rise without help, and then if the horse is
able to stand, he is pulled and whipped up on
to his legs and the picador mounts again.

To a novice it is difficult to understand
how anyone can be got to take the part of a
picador. He is the lowest paid of all the
toreros; nine times out of ten, when the bull
charges his horse, he gets a nasty fall, the
horse often rolling completely over him; while
if he is near the barrier he generally gets
thrown with great force against it, occasion-
ally breaking a limb, and certainly getting bruised
and shaken.

The enormous strength of the bull is shown
by the way in which he picks the horse and
rider off the ground and hurls them over,
sometimes lifting them two or three feet clear
of the ground, and apparently with little ef-
fort. When the picadores have done their part,
which consists of three varas, or thrusts with
the lance, this being required by law, that is
the bugle blows and the picadores ride out of
the ring; the wounded horses getting such at-
tention as having their wounds stuffed with
hay, banana peels, etc., as should they be able
to walk by the time the next bull is brought
in, they have to face him, and be gored again.

Only when a horse is so badly wounded that
whipping and pulling fail to make him get on
to his legs, is he put out of his pain by a stab
behind the ears, into the brain, administered
by the monosabio.

Now comes the turn of the banderillos,
whose duty it is to put in three pairs of ban-
derillos. These are sticks about thirty inches
long, gaily decorated with colored paper, and
having sharp barbed points of steel about two
inches long.

The banderillero holds a banderillo in each
hand and faces the bull. He has no cape so
must depend entirely on his agility to escape
the bull's charge. He moves about in front
of the bull trying to get him to charge, and
when he does so he plunges the banderillos
into his shoulders, at the same time swerving
to one side—the bull's horns apparently miss-
ing him by a hairsbreadth. He then runs for
the barrier, while the other toreros rush in
with their capes to lead the bull away from
him.

This is considered the most dangerous part
of the performance, and more banderilleros
are killed and injured than any other class of to-
reros. The object of putting in the banderillos,
besides to further infuriate the bull, is to
guide the espada as to where to deliver the
estocado (thrust with the sword). Thus the
three pairs are put in, in two rows, one on
each shoulder, high up close to the withers.

It is seldom that the banderillero gets them
in at the first attempt, as unless the bull keeps
his head down he cannot reach the correct
spot on his withers, so that if the bull raises
his head before reaching him, he has to dodge
like lightning, and trust to the other toreros
to keep the bull away from him.

Again the bugle blows, and the espada is
given his muleta (red cloth) and sword. The
latter is a narrow blade about three feet long,
made of the best Toledo steel. He walks round
the ring bowing, while the crowd cheers mad-
ly, begging for the dedication of the bull.
Selecting a part of the audience, he takes off
his hat, bows and makes them a speech, dedi-
cating the bull to them, and on the completion
of the speech, he throws his hat up to them,
which they keep until he has killed the bull.

This dedication is considered a great honor,
and is eagerly sought after by the audience,
and should the espada dedicate the bull to
some ex-professional torero, or to some rich
amateur instead of to a certain section of the
audience, the recipient of the honor tucks
from fifty to one hundred dollars into the band
of the hat, and throws it down to him when
he has killed the bull.

The espada now walks out to meet the bull,
holding the muleta with the sword wrapped up
in it. The bull is by this time fairly well
winded, and is only capable of short rushes,
so the espada goes right up to him, and when
the bull charges, he does not move his feet,
but sways his body from side to side, lead-
ing the bull round him with the muleta. The
dexterity with which this is done is little
short of marvellous, as although the bull will
nearly always go for the muleta rather than
the man, the fineness of the work is judged
by how close the espada keeps the bull to
him, and often when the bull has passed him,
he will, without turning round, bring him back
again by holding the muleta over his shoulder
and allow the bull to charge him from behind,
guiding him round him, and swaying his body
just out of reach of the horns. Sometimes
he will kneel down and let the bull charge him,
and without rising bring him past him with
the muleta.

Now comes the final act. Facing the bull
with the muleta held in the left hand, across
the body, he manoeuvres to get the bull to
stand exactly square to him, as should one
foreleg be behind the other, the opening be-
tween the shoulder blades is closed, and the
sword will not enter. When he has got him in
the desired position, he takes aim with the
sword, over his left arm and runs in; the bull
jumps to meet him, and he plunges the sword
up to the hilt between the shoulders. The
correct position for doing this is, that the
espada should be right between the bull's
horns, the shock of the thrust, stopping the
bull momentarily, giving the espada time to
jump back, but even the best espadas will at
times swerve to one side as they deliver the
thrust and let the bull pass them.

Two toreros with capes now come up, one
on each side, and keep the bull moving from
side to side to keep the sword moving in the
wound, and thus hasten the end. The danger
is by no means over yet, as the sword may not
have pierced a vital part, in which case it
has to be taken out, and another thrust deliv-
ered. The only way to get it out is to throw
the end of a cape round the hilt and jerk it
out, and as can well be imagined, this is by no
means an easy thing to do as the bull is doing
his best to get the man during the perform-
ance. Many a torero has been killed by a dy-
ing bull, as one that is apparently about to
drop, will suddenly revive for the moment,
and make a short, quick rush getting some-
man who through carelessness has got too
near him, but presently the bull's legs begin
to waver, he staggers like a drunken man, and
then down he goes, and all that remains is to
deliver the punto. There is a special man,
called the puntero, to do this, and advancing
cautiously he plunges a short knife into the
bull's brain, just behind the horns.

The band strikes up, the audience cheers,
and the espada withdrawing the sword, walks
round the ring accompanied by his banderil-
leros, bowing and receiving the plaudits of the
crowd. Hats by the dozen are thrown into the
ring, while the toreros pick up and throw
back again to their owners. If the kill has
been an especially good one cigars, cigarettes,
and money are also thrown in. These the
matador picks up, and puts in his hat, which
is often filled to overflowing. The entrance
gates are thrown open, and the mules come
in, and are hitched on to the bodies of the bull
and any horses he may have killed, while the
picadores ride in, and take up their positions
in readiness for the next bull.

According to law, at least six bulls must be
killed at each fight, so that eight are provided,
as if a bull will not take his horses and re-
ceive his three varas, he is taken out again.
This is done by turning three or four trained
oxen into the ring who surround him and then
trot out again, and the bull goes with them
with the greatest docility. Should two bulls
have to be taken out, and if a third refuses
to come in must be killed and if a third refuses
to fight the horses are taken out, and the
banderillos del fuego are put in. This is a
most barbarous performance, as close to the
point of the banderillos there is some highly
inflammable substance and when the banderil-
lero puts them in, he pulls a string which is
attached to a match, which sets fire to this,
and the bull's shoulders are scorched horribly,
while just before they go out, a cracker which
is tied on to the banderillo, goes off with a
bang, making the bull jump and plunge about
the ring with pain and fear.

Once he has received his varas he must be
killed, no matter what happens, and the mere
fact that he may kill or injure a man or two
makes no difference, as in this case someone
else has to take on the job. Should the espada
whose turn it is to make the kill be injured
the other espada must do the work; should he
in turn fail there is a reserve espada who
comes out, and after him, should he fail, the
rest of the cuadrilla must try in turn.

At one fight in Spain this season the whole
cuadrilla was put out of action, and they had
only succeeded in killing four bulls out of the
six, and to further illustrate the dangers the
men incur, it may be mentioned that out of
forty toreros who came to Mexico from Spain
last season, twelve were killed.

As a rule the Mexican is not a great suc-
cess as a torero, as if he once gets caught by
a bull, he loses his nerve, but some of the
Spanish toreros are a mass of scars; and this
does not seem to affect their nerve in the
least.

The salaries commanded by good espadas
are enormous. Antonio Fuentes, who is con-
sidered the best in the world, gets seven hun-
dred and fifty pounds every time he goes into
a ring in Mexico, and during the season he
fights three or four times a week.

The revolting part of the whole business is
the fendish cruelty to the horses. The poor
brutes have absolutely no chance, and the
sights one sometimes sees after they have been
badly gored are too disgusting to mention.

The bull at least dies fighting, and with his
blood up, and is so savage a beast that one
feels no great sympathy with him. There is
no doubt that the greater part of the excite-
ment consists in the fact of whether the man
is going to be gored or not, as not only must
he take great chance with each bull, but his
work is not considered good unless all his
movements are graceful and apparently un-
hurried.

Other variations are brought in, such as
jumping over the bull when he charges either
with a pole or without, the torero leaping into
the air, and allowing the bull's rush to take
him past before the jumper comes to earth
again, but this can only be done once with
any one bull, as if it is tried twice, he will
throw his head up, and get the man. Another
thing is for the banderillero to put in banderillos
about six inches long, to do which he has to
lean right over the bull's head in order to reach
its shoulders; or to sit in a chair and let the
bull charge him, rising just as he is on him, put
the banderillos in, and slip to one side, allow-
ing the bull to strike the chair, which is smash-
ed to pieces.

One good point about the bull-fight is the
risks that each man will take to save another,
and not a fight occurs in which the lives of sev-
eral are not saved at the imminent risk of those
of his companions. Should a bull toss a man,
the others will lead him away from him when
their capes, but should the horn enter when
the bull has his head up, the man will remain
impaled upon it, and in this case, the men of
both cuadrillas will dash in, in the most reck-
less manner, and swarm all over the bull, seiz-
ing him by the tail, legs, and the other horn,
while two of them will lift the wounded man
off. As they have to see how hard it is for
this, it can easily be seen how hard it is for
them to get away from the bull again, without
his tossing one or two of them. Occasionally
a bull will refuse to charge the cape, but will go
for the man each time, and then a display of
agility and skill is given, which would be hard
to equal, and the risks taken before the bull is
finally killed, are hair raising.

Bull-fighting is the national sport of Mexi-
co, and for the best fights charges of from 24s.
to 26s are made for good seats, and at each
fight the ring will have from fifteen thousand
to twenty thousand spectators. While it can-
not be said that it is anything but a cruel and
brutalizing sport, its popularity is so great,
that there is no chance of its being stopped in
either Mexico or Spain.

MALTESE ELECTIONS

The general elections here are fixed for
Monday. The electioneering campaign, which
has raged around trust or distrust in the hopes
and promises given by the English Ministers,
has been one, as a local newspaper affirms, of
mutual vituperation and degrading suspicion.
Alteration of the Constitution, religion legal-
ized divorce, and rotten eggs have all been
pressed into service upon the platform. Dis-
missed parties are divided into Nationalists, Dis-
missionists and Independents. English people
here look on in wonder, if not with much inter-
est. Perhaps not twelve of them have claimed
the right to vote.

Long Beach, Vancouver Island

Where the surge of the rolling Pacific uprears
and advances

And levels its Watery shafts at the shimmer-
ing beach;

Where the crests of the billows flash past like
a shaking of lances

Borne high by the gathering squadrons that
follow, and each after each;

In the grey of the dawn with the morning un-
folding the faster

Where deep major-chords sound below through
the roar of the tides,

As a thunder-harp echoes when struck by the
hands of The Master

Here, carved like a canoe; lone in the wilder-
ness; steadfast abides:



LONG BEACH, VANCOUVER ISLAND

Long Beach; where the grass by the shingle
grows hardy and wiry,

And the crescent sand at the edge weaves
its net-work of lines;

And aloft in the pine-top the eagle has builded
his eyrie

And over the eagle the sun like a diamond
shines,

While a myriad gulls in the sallowy distance
are flying

With the sail of an outgoing vessel seen faintly
to lee,

And over the shadowy crags on the coast-line
are crying

The storm-birds, black heralds of death and
disaster at sea.

Where the ebb of the drowsy Pacific slips out
and to sea-ward

As a child that has fallen asleep shall unloosen
her hands;

When the wings of the noon-day have widened
and shifted to leeward,

And a dazzle of jewels gleams bright on the
glittering sands;

There, stretching to north-ward and south-
ward in tawny seclusion

The shaggy-maned forest beyond her, the tide
at her gates,

Remote as the desert; unconquered; and free
of intrusion

Save only by foot of the wandering Indian,
waits:

Where the murmuring voices of twilight re-
echo and mingle

And the howl of a wolf breaks the infinite calm
of the shore;

When darkness, black-hooded, broods low on
the slippery shingle

And a star of the south shows its gleam like
a light at a door;

Then hard by the temple of night and by
shadows surrounded

With a finger of silence held close at the lips
of her streams,

In the heart of a solitude locked and unsolved;
and unsounded,

Sphinx-like in her marvel and mystery crouch-
es and dreams:

Long Beach; where the hand of no man has
left tracing or token;

Where the waters hiss sharp at her, turreted
bulwarks of stone.

Unchanged by the march of the seasons, eter-
nal, unbroken,

In strength as the strength of a Titan, in
grandeur alone.

For the Nations have passed, and still pass, to
oblivion faring;

While she in her beauty immortal has been
and will be,

As a picture that flashes and rises and fades,
ever-sharing

The glamor and wonder and miracle-charm
of the sea.—By Ernest McGaffey.